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THE ANTIQUITY AND HONOURS

Of the Skinner and Furrier Crafts.

ARMS.

SKINNERS.

Ermine on a Chief *Gu.* 3 Imperial Crowns, *Or.*

FURRIERS.

Parted per Feſs. Gu. and Ar. a Pale counter-charged of the ſame on the 1ſt, 3 Goats of the 2d.

By *P. D.*

SKinners, your Craft, and Furriers (of all)
The firſt can claim, and beſt Originall,
To do you Juſtice, ſurely as your Due,
Boaſted Precedency belongs to you.
For as you'r firſt, in the Records of Time,
So your Originall is moſt ſublime.
Moſt of our Arts, on Hnmane Authors Land;
Yours came at firſt from the Almighty's Hand.
Heaven's Lord, when our firſt Parents naked were,
In Coats of Skins, aray'd the Royal Pair.
And that they were (it may be juſtly thought)
Adapted well, and exquiſitly wrought.
Adam the New made Monarch of the Globe,
Appear'd majeſtick, in th' Impirial Robe,
And *Eve* the Empreſs Sharer of his Crown,
O! Heav'ns, how Charming, in her Ermine Gown.

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And

And ſure, the Habit Heaven hath pointed out,
Moſt comely, and Commodious is no doubt.
Thus were, the antient Patriarchs aray'd,
Till Pride iucreſs'd, and Piety decay'd:
In Woods they hunted for the Prey, and then,
You cloathed them, in Trophies of the Slain.
By Help of you, *Rebekah*'s Wile took Place,
Transfer'd the Bleſſing, unto *Jacob*'s Race:
This noble Inſtance, evidently proves,
To all, the antient Uſe of Furrs and Gloves.
The Tabernacle, in *Arabia*'s Wild,
Erected, and with Divine Preſence fill'd,
At the Divine Command, you cover'd o'er
With Ramſkins dy'd, and thoſe the Badger bore;
The Saints, of whom the World unworthy was,
Cloathed by you, wand'ring about did paſs.
And to advance, your Dignity the more,
A Leather'n Girdle, *John* the Baptiſt wore.
Th' Apoſtle *Paul*, preſerv'd with ſpecial Care,
His Writs on Parchment, which you did prepare.
Thus Men by Manufacture of your Hands,
The Rights maintain, and Titles of their Lands.
In humane Hiſtr'y too, you take a Place,
You dreſs'd the Lyon's Skin, for *Hercules*,
To Romans you the leather'n Garter gave,
To ſignalize, their Champions great and brve,
Whence Brittons too, that noble Order have.
Kings Crowns you furr, with theſe their Robes adorn
Thence Ermine's in Armorial Enſigns born.
You join to fit the Soldier for the Field,
The Furrier Lines the Head-peice and the Shield:
The Skinner gives Veſt, Breeches, Belt and Bend,
Of ſturdy Buff, and Gloves to fence the Hand.
Much from your artful Hands aſſiſted come,
The chearing Bag-pipe, and the rouſing Drum.

You

You both agree, to Grace the fairer Sex,
The Furrier adorns their Ivory Necks.
The Skinner gives the well form'd Glove & thin,
Soft like themſelves, white as their Native Skin,
And Gloves by Simpathy they underſtand,
Improve the pleaſant Softneſs of the Hand,
While fullſome Silk, an Excrement of Worms,
Deſtroy's it's Beauties, and devours it's Charms.
Strange any ſhould, buy dear a forraign Curſe,
Pernicious to the Perſon and the Purſe.
The pleſant Product of onr Iſle, deſpiſe,
Beſtow'd by the Creator, good and wiſe.
You ſheath the aged chilly Hand in Buff,
Or kindly cover, with the warmer Muff,
Of northern Climes, you cloath th' Inhabitants,
Where a Perpetuall pinching Winter haunts,
The friendly Garbe, eluds the Snow and Haill,
And blaſts from Urſa's elevated Tail.
Thus they, when once your Storm-proof armor's on
The Froſt defy, forget a frigid Zone,
Fenc'd by your Art fancy the Climate Hote,
Nor know the coldrife Thing, a Threed-bair Coat.
The Skinner Craft, our *Caledon* can boaſt,
Comes not, improven from a forraign Coaſt,
All bounteous Heaven, here beſtous on you,
The beſt Materials, and genius too.
Thus of your Art, it's hard to tell the Powers,
All other Craftsmen, Badges bear of yours.
And in their Airt, it's Evident how far
To moſt Mechanicks, you aſſiſting are.
Printers aſſiſted by the Pellet, make
Their Ink expreſſive, and the Type to ſpeak.
You to the Joyner, give cementing Glue,
Y'aſſiſt the Painter, and Book-Binder too,
The Cordiner, and Saidler deal with you.

So from your Art, vaſt Quantities ariſe,
Of Skins for tranſport, Wool for Factories,
And thus it's evidently underſtood,
How greatly you advance the Common Good,
And what, a mighty Branch of Revenew,
Doth to the Prince from Skinners Craft Acrew.
Sure all Incroachments on you to prevent,
Were greateſt Wiſdom in a Government.
For num'rous Uſes, thus you both concur,
To dreſs white Leather, and the dounny Furr,
And by an almoſt ſupernat'ral Art,
You ſoftneſs to the parched Hide impart.
Both Leather dreſs, and yet the Diff'rence fair,
The Skinner white, the Furrier with the Hair.
What Shame it is, to ſee ſome City Fops,
Immur'd in Muſlin to the Finger Tops.
Nor have the Boldneſs, to pull on a Glove,
Nor once their uſeleſs Hands to Action move;
Nor dare their Ruffle fetter'd Fiſts extend,
Leaſt they the Well ſet Camrick ſhould offend,
As if their Hands, only for Ornament,
And not for Exerciſe, to them were lent.
Sometimes 'tis true, they'l venture on a wring,
T' expell the Cold, or ſhow a Diamond Ring.
But ev'ry brighter Soul that Action loves,
And knows the Uſe of Hands, knows that of Gloves.

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